

IN Washington this week the political spotlight will be shared by two medical men, Major-General Howard Snyder and Dr. Paul White. It all goes according to schedule they are to give Mr. Eisenhower, at the end of the week, the most complete physical examination that he has had since his heart attack. It is thought that the President will base his political plans on the result.

Dr. Paul White, the heart specialist, is now a public figure in his own right. His vivid



DR. SNYDER

pronouncements on the President's condition have been analysed by the political experts with the attention normally given to great messages of state. They have, in fact, become political statements of the highest importance.

At the moment Dr. White is leading an expedition off the coast of California where he hopes to make the first recording of the heartbeat of a fifty-ton grey whale.

#### Family Doctor

Major-General Snyder, a less spectacular character, is personally much closer to the President. At the end of the war he became General Eisenhower's private physician and he consolidated his position by saving Mrs. Eisenhower's life when she had a severe attack of pneumonia.

Dr. Snyder's long-standing friendship with the Eisenhower family has enabled him to influence the President in his choice of relaxations. He encouraged Mr. Eisenhower to take up golf and has fostered his love of painting.

He was the first man to be called when the President had his heart attack and it seems probable that he will have the last word on the vital problem of the second term.

#### Moving Up

**WATCHING** the stately ceremonial attendant on the introduction of Lord Woolton into the House of Lords as an earl, I reflected that this was the third time he had had to undergo that ordeal. Each time a man gets a step in the peerage as a new creation he has to be reintroduced, and I won-

dered how far Lord Woolton was from creating a record.

A long way, I found. During the last half-century four other earls have had that experience — the things being equal, Milne, Ince and Birkenhead, and the present Earl Jovitt. In that same period the record would be shared by the first Marquess of Reading and Marquesses of Blandford and Willington. Each progressed from commoner to barony, to viscount, to earldom and to marquessate. For a comparable case I think one might have to go back a century to the first Duke of Wellington.

#### The Professor

**MR. JOHN POPE-HENNESSY**, the new Blade Professor at Oxford, is one of our most reputable scholars. His industry is, indeed, so enormous as to suggest, to those who do not know him, a hardy-natural withdrawal from other spheres of interest. But Mr. Pope-Hennessy is the most sociable of savants, and one whose elongated frame and unmistakable utterance are familiar in drawing-room, concert hall, and gazebo.

His holidays are usually undertaken with some learned intent, but I remember that once, during the war, he admitted to paying a short visit to Brighton. "The time will pass," he said, sharply. "I am taking my Domenicohino files, and two typewriters."

#### The Centre Court

**THERE** was snow on the cutting-crowns at Wimbledon when I walked through them one morning last week, but in the offices of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club the secretary, Colonel A. D. C. Macaulay, could afford to take a summery view of existence. For this year's championship applications for season tickets are heavier than ever.

The Centre Court's 11,000 seats could be sold twenty times over on Finals days, and I have heard people ask if the stands could not be enlarged. "Impossible," said the Secretary. "You must remember that the Centre Court is a tiny place of grass entirely surrounded by concrete. If the stand was higher you wouldn't get the sun, and you wouldn't get the air, and very soon you wouldn't get the grass either."

#### Forward, Miss X!

Colonel Macaulay was confident, not only of the general interest of this year's tournament, but of the chances of a revival in British lawn tennis. "I don't say we'll win either of the singles this year," he said, "but I do think we'll begin to

see the results of the coaching scheme that Dan Maskell's been running, on behalf of the L.T.A., for nearly ten years now."

Colonel Macaulay loves a good style. He believes that the things being equal, Milne, Lenglen, would still be the best player in the world. "With her powers of anticipation, and her control of the ball, nobody could beat her. Remember," he said, "a woman cannot move sideways as quickly as a man. Lenglen knew that, and Helen Wills Moody knew it, and Helen Wills Moody was one of our girls."

#### Gone Flat

**NOT** long ago a distinguished American Dickensian passed through London and had occasion to telephone to a well-known literary society, which could best her. "Remember," he said, "a woman cannot move sideways as quickly as a man. Lenglen knew that, and Helen Wills Moody knew it, and Helen Wills Moody was one of our girls."

Could they, he asked, confirm that a certain set of illustrations was by "Phiz"? Four weeks later he received a polite letter regretting that "We are unable to trace any illustration by the name of 'Phiz'."

#### Up to Work

**WITHIN** a fortnight of sitting on the front bench for the first time, Mr. Enoch Powell, who is now Mr. Duncan Sandys's parliamentary lieutenant at the Ministry of Housing, has had to face a three-day debate on subsidies. As Dr. Johnson might have said, "a parliamentary debate concentrates a Minister's mind wonderfully."

Lack of concentration has never been a problem for Mr. Enoch Powell. When he first went up to Cambridge, a neighbour found him sitting on some packing cases in his room reading a Greek text. "Come and have some tea," said his new colleague. "Thank you very much," young Powell is said to have replied, "but I came here to work," and he went on reading his Greek.

In the last twenty-five years Mr. Powell's manner has melted, but his appetite for work and his application to detail are still prodigious.

#### Brecht's Innings

**IS** Bert Brecht, as some hold, the greatest living European man of the theatre? Stay-at-homes have had no means of telling, but the coming season will give the London public three opportunities of judging this most controversial of writers.

The version of the "Beggar's Opera" which Brecht wrote, with music by Kurt Weill, in 1928, is arguably the most

haunting, certainly the most sardonic version of Gay's all-weather favourite, *Triumph and Disaster*, may alike be limitless when the Berlin teddy-boys are transposed, back to England; Mr. Sam Wanamaker, the producer, and his sponsors do not lack courage.

During the summer Mr. John Gielgud's students at the R.A.D.A. will perform "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk," and later in the year, as part of the season to be given at the Royal Court Theatre by the English Stage Company under the direction of Mr. George Devine, Miss Peggy Ashcroft is to appear in "Brecht's 'The Woman of Strachan'."

#### Couture in the Blood

**THIS** week, when the couture has been bursting upon an expectant world at the rate of

four openings a day, is surely the time to pay tribute to that most Parisian of Parisian institutions, the mannequin, and to black-haired Carolé in particular.

My colleague Ginette tells me that Carolé was one of the most famous model girls in Paris, giving delight for years as she swayed up and down the salons of Balmain and Balmain. Now she has decided to leave the "runway" and become a *vendeuse*.

#### A Change of Role

"I have been showing clothes for twenty-one years," she said. "Now it is over. You see, I wanted to finish my mannequin career *en beauté*, before Balmain, for whom I have been working for the last eight years, started giving me fewer dresses

to show than the other girls, or pained me off with the mother-in-law numbers!"

"So I asked him to give me a job as a salesgirl. I love it. All except at this time—it is terrible to have no part in the hysteria, the excitement, the jealousies, the exhaustion."

#### Heine, d. 1856

**HEINE** is known in England as the author of some of the most flawless short poems ever written; and when I asked Mr. Stephen Spender about his share in this afternoon's Heine centenary celebrations at the Royal Festival Hall he agreed that it was this evergreen eloquence which had first drawn him to Heine.

"But," he said, "you mustn't forget that Heine was many other things as well. He was

the Cockerel of his age—a dazzling, unpredictable, perfectly irresponsible man of genius. He was also probably the greatest journalist who ever lived."

Heine's journalism finds no place in today's programme, and so I turned up his articles on London.

#### A Stern Critic

Our German visitor noticed everything — the butcher's shop, in which "my meat lies, as if painted, on many coloured porcelain plates," the Spanish and Hanseatic surnames under the archways of the London Exchange, the matchless oratory and blood-curdling gaze of Henry Brougham in the House of Commons. There was no place, however, for generosity in his methods. Englishmen had, he found, a "heavy, bumping lightness, an ornamented coarseness" in their manner; and as for Wellington, he was "a dumb ghost, with an ashy-grey soul in a buckram body."

Perhaps it's as well that Mr. Spender is not to declaim these passages.

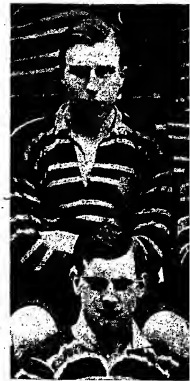
#### Coincidentally

**TWO** Sundays ago Sir James Robertson, the present Governor of Nigeria, was featured in this column; and last week Lord Evershed was the subject of *THE SUNDAY TIMES* Portraits Gallery.

Both were shown as they now are—in middle life, and with the splendours of office everywhere about them. But, through the kindness of a reader, Mr. H. P. Sherborne, I am able to show these two distinguished Englishmen at a moment very much earlier, when Fate brought them together as J. W. Robertson and F. R. Evershed,

members of the Balliol College Rugby Football XV which in 1920 won the Inter-College Cup for the first time in Balliol history. (Mr. Robertson is shown, as Balliol would say *supra*; Mr. Evershed, *infra*.)

Mr. Sherborne, who is now general manager and director



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of the Yorkshire Copper Works at Leeds, was also in the side.

#### Proletarian Poultry

**MR. GEORGE NUGENT**, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture has been treading on controversial ground with his remark that "chickens have a better time in Russia."

Among the latest crop of statistics from the Soviet Union comes a report that those responsible for the construction of hen houses in the Tatar Republic have completed 0.025 per cent. of their quota.